

75 YEARS AGO

- 1898 -

HIS BACK BROKEN!! John Ohlwiler the victim of singular accident — While loading manure —

A frozen chunk of the fertilizing stuff weighing about 500 pounds broke loose and falls upon Mr. Ohlwiler's back causing a partial dislocation of the vertebra about midway of the spinal column — rescued from his perilous position by friends — a matter of doubt as to the result.

Some of the would-be belles-or-boys of Midway were seen a few nights ago on the streets dressed in pants, coat and vest. Girls who do such things will no doubt want to wear the breeches and have petticoat government if they should ever get the chance to marry. Beware boys, and look before you leap.

Yours for Square Dealing,
MARK JEFFS

Bedroom Suits from \$16.00 - up
Men's hats, 75¢ worth \$2.25
Men's pants, 75¢ - \$1.00, worth \$1.00 and \$1.50

Men's underwear, 36¢ worth 75¢
Haisens, 5¢ per lb.

Sugar, 16 lbs. - \$1.00

Creamery Warrants taken as Cash

Teeth extracted absolutely without pain by Dr. Snowden, the dentist, at the Duncan House for a few days only.

The wedding dance of John Edwards was given January 26, was rather a dear "freedance" for a few of the boys. Some of them were arrested, and the next day fined \$3.75 each. Such bolsterousness should be quelled and a few lessons of this kind are all that is needed to teach some of us that a dance hall is not a saloon.

Robert Montgomery has a hen that is a valuable acquisition to the barnyard about this time of year when eggs are selling from 25 to 30 cents a dozen. The other day this chicken laid an egg about the size of an ordinary potatoe. Owing to its extra large size, Mr. Montgomery resolved to reserve the shell by letting the contents out of small holes broken in each end. He took from the shell two common sized egg yolks and found that it contained another egg perfectly formed with shell and of about the usual size. This peculiar specimen of hen fruit is on exhibition at this office where any who doubt the authenticity of this story can come and inspect the same.

The county sheriff would do well for a short time, or at least have a good swim, if he would make a trip to our neighboring town on the South, and drop in that wine tank, or cider vault or swill barrell. A man that will walk up and pay his license for selling the damnable stuff is a king compared to the man who will keep such a dive.